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NOTES OF THE WEEK

An industrial or political crisis is hardly ever what it appears to be in the newspapers. The odds are now against there being a coal strike; but the event does not depend, as the public is made to think, mainly on Messrs. Smillie and Hodges. The question of peace or war rests with other people than the Miners' Federation. The public, however, is so heartily sick of Mr. Smillie's "sabre-rattling," that it will be rather disappointed if there is not a strike. Whichever way it is, one good result will be a split in the Trade Union camp.

Lord Weir, in his very able letter to the *Times* on Thursday, thinks that the leaders of organised labour are well aware that their policy of increased cost and diminished production is fatal to Britain's recovery. But, he says, they pursue this policy and draw red herrings of Bolshevism and Sinn Féinism across the path of their Congresses with the deliberate intention of breaking down the present system of society, and substituting a proletariat tyranny. Lord Weir has better opportunity of judging than we have. But it seems to us that he ascribes to the Labour leaders a greater economic insight and a smaller sense of civic duty than they possess. We should have thought a truer, because a simpler, explanation is that they find the seductive slogan of "more pay for less work" the only way to keep their places and their salaries.

Few people have the technical knowledge or the time to unravel the skein of figures in issue between Mr. Smillie and Sir Robert Horne. Two plain points may, however, be disentangled from the mass. 1. The protection of the consumer. Strange as it may seem to Mr. Smillie, the consumers, i.e., the citizens of all classes, prefer the Government and the Parliament chosen by universal suffrage as shepherds to Messrs. Smillie, Hodges and Williams. Considering the record of the coal miners' federation, their anxiety for the consumers is an impudent pretext. 2. More wages for the miners. This is

the point, on which Mr. Smillie now leans, shifting his ground like a nimble sophist. And this is a legitimate subject for discussion. What right, we ask, have coal miners to be protected against the economic stringency which, as a result of the war, presses so cruelly upon all the other classes of the community?

Statisticians know that nothing is so misleading as an average. Unless we are misinformed, Mr. Smillie's average wage of £4 15s. a week or £247 a year ignores the allowance of coal, and is arrived at by including the wages of boys of 16 and 17 and of surface-workers, whose work is comparatively light. We believe that we err on the conservative side when we say that a coal-hewer can easily earn £400 a year, if he works five days a week. Is that, or is it not, an adequate wage? We can best answer by another question. How many clerks, doctors, clergymen, artists, civil servants, journalists, assistant editors, shop hands, solicitors, officers in the Navy and Army, composers, musicians, electricians, live on £400 a year? The majority of them. That miners spend a great deal of money on coursing, football matches, betting, eating and drinking, motoring, is notorious.

That Mr. Francis Meynell, conscientious objector and *détraqué*, has resigned his position as a director of the *Daily Herald* and that his colleagues, Messrs. Bevin, Hodges, Lansbury, Turner, and Williams, have declined to receive money from the Third International, is something to be thankful for. But when these directors assert that "they had no knowledge" (Sept. 14.) "of any money offered to the *Daily Herald* by the Third International," we must observe that either they don't read their own paper (issue of September 10), or that they ignore the connection between the Third International and Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky. Apparently these directors don't read the *Times* either.

At last Dr. Addison has produced something. Having failed to produce houses, for he can get neither the money, nor the builders, nor the materials, he has produced a newspaper, called "Housing"! At a

MOTOR—WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION ACT,—FIRE, ETC.



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time when paper and printing have reached prices which are ruining all but the organs of millionaire poly-papists, Dr. Addison at the public expense puts out a propagandist sheet of fifteen pages, with diagrams and a picture of an impossible bungalow for £350. From what we know of the matter we are certain that this paper is produced at a considerable loss, paid, of course, out of the taxes. Will no one stop this squander-maniac? This attempt on the part of the Minister of Health to drag the municipal authorities down to his own level of financial recklessness, and plunge them still further in debt, is indefensible. The local indebtedness is quite as serious as the War Debt, and, as the rates in many towns are over 20s. in the £, there must be a collapse of credit. Municipal authorities have no business to speculate in house property at the ratepayer's risk.

A week or two ago we gave it as our opinion that less not more production was wanted in several industries. This view was criticised by one of our Radical contemporaries as the economics of an angry school-boy, which is natural enough, as commonplace and claptrap are the stock-in-trade of the Radical press. The opinion, however, turns out to be correct. In the Lancashire cotton trade, mills are being closed, or are working half-time. But it is in the motor trade that there has been most over-production. Attracted by the enormous prices given by profiteers in the first flush of victory for Rolls-Royce and other fashionable makes, capital flowed into the motor shops. Now the makers of motor-cars realise that they have over-produced, or that their prices are too high, and are pulling long faces. This, added to the rise in petrol, will cause a great slump in motor-cars.

Another warning of bad times ahead is the closing down of the Sopwith works at Kingston. Mr. Sopwith, who married Lord Ruthven's daughter, is a remarkable young man. He won the De Forest prize of £4,000 for the longest flight from England in a British machine by a flight from Eastchurch to Beaumont, Belgium (176 miles) in a Howard Wright biplane in 1910. He then became a builder and designer of aeroplanes and seaplanes, and founded the Sopwith Aviation and Engineering Company. After the war he produced the best and cheapest motor bike in the market. He has now, like the clever fellow he is, closed down his works, for the plain reason that between the exorbitant wages demanded by the trade unionists and the crushing taxation imposed by the Government he can't make a profit. And so he makes his bow, for he is not, like Mr. Sidney Webb and Mr. Smillie, and Sir Leo Money, out for the good of the public, but for his own. Many other employers are equally blind to the beauty of altruism, and will follow his lead.

It is no use asking the Prime Minister to remove Mr. Montagu on the ground that his continuance in office is imperilling the possession of India. Mr. Lloyd George would refuse to believe it. But if we assure him that his Secretary of State is unpopular with all classes in India, the Prime Minister might consider it, for he believes in popularity. The cold fact is that Mr. Montagu is distrusted or hated by every class and school of opinion in India. The revolutionaries, the Gandhi-Fitchew gang, distrust the Secretary of State because he doesn't go far enough. The Indian princes naturally regard him with the contempt which they would feel for "a sweeper" if set over them. The British military and civilian classes loathe and fear him. It will soon be impossible to get officers for the Army and candidates for the Civil Service.

Colonel Repington's book is easily the most interesting that has appeared since the war began. Colonel Repington is not a scribbler, but a writer; he is one of the few great military critics in Europe; he lives in the Bull's Eye of Society, and knows personally the famous personages about whom he writes. How different are his volumes from the "copy" of the newspaper correspondents, who write from the outside of things and persons, about military

matters of which they have no technical or professional knowledge, and about statesmen and generals who keep them at arm's length, and only admit them to half-confidences! We must add, however, that Colonel Repington goes so far in his repetition of the confidences of the dinner-table and the smoking-room that should there be another war, we fancy that men would be rather shy of talking to him. No matter: the Colonel would get it out of the women. As a depository of secrets the alcove beats the smoking-room.

Colonel Repington was an out-and-out Westerner, and is very scornful about the waste of men and munitions on Eastern side-shows. To-day we imagine most laymen (soldiers will never agree about it), admit that Salonica, the Dardanelles, and Mesopotamia were criminal blunders, both in conception and execution, but that Lord Allenby's Palestine offensive, the knock-out blow to the Turk, was right. When we say the Dardanelles, we mean the military part of it, for which Lord Kitchener was responsible. As for the forcing of the Dardanelles by the fleet, we think, as we have frequently said before, that had the fleet appeared on the day after the loss of the three ships, it would have succeeded in getting through, because, according to the American Ambassador Morgenthau, the forts had come to the end of their ammunition. For the last twelve months we have been asking, who was responsible for the non-appearance of the fleet? From what Mr. Churchill told the Colonel, it was Admiral de Robeck who "declined," or, in plain language, funked the job.

But what has Colonel Repington to say to Captain Peter Wright, who accuses him in *Blackwood* of publishing in *The Morning Post* "a very excellent and concise summary of the principal decisions and discussions that had taken place at a session where the Supreme War Council had refined on their usual precautions for secrecy, extravagant as these usually were"? The decision came to in Paris at the beginning of 1918, was to establish an Executive War Board at Versailles with Marshal Foch as President, having control amongst other things, over the Reserves of the Four Allies, and to start Lord Allenby's offensive in Palestine. Sir William Robertson, Sir Douglas Haig, and Marshal Pétain, were opposed at first to this decision, which Captain Wright declares, rightly or wrongly, won the war. Who showed Colonel Repington an official report of these most secret proceedings? Captain Wright says, "It can only have been an officer of the General Staff, and it is perfectly easy to guess who it was." But Colonel Repington in his book, tells us that his informant was Clemenceau.

Not the least interesting of the serious secrets in these pages is the story of how Lord Curzon was induced to consent to that maddest of acts, the concession of universal suffrage, including women. Lord Curzon was opposing female suffrage in the Cabinet, when Mr. Arthur Henderson "thumped the table and asked Curzon whether he wished the working-classes to get their rights by compromise or revolution, and this shut Curzon up." Good Heavens! Fancy Lord Curzon being bluffed in this way by the empty-headed and conceited Mr. Arthur Henderson! Yet this threat of revolution was the favourite weapon by which the Radical members of the Coalition bullied or blackmailed the timid Conservatives throughout the war. It was the weapon used by Mr. Lloyd George in Paris, when asked for more soldiers by M. Clemenceau. Whenever we remonstrated with our Tory friends on their Radical votes, we were always met with the question, Do you want your throat cut?

We have no overmastering desire for the severance of our jugular vein, though we are not sure that "carotid-artery cutting Castlereagh" (as Byron called him) was not right in preferring sudden death to a life of blackmail. What we refuse to believe is that the masses would ever cut our throat (regarding ourselves as a class) in order to give votes to their wives and daughters. There was absolutely no evidence of any desire on the part of the male voters to divide their

political power with women: they were certainly never asked their opinion. The same threat of throat-cutting was applied with equal absurdity to the question of compulsory service. Conscription applied in 1915 would have probably ended the war in 1916 or 1917. But Ministers were afraid of unpopularity, and sheltered themselves behind vague phrases about revolution.

Every Cabinet Minister has five personalities. 1. There is John as he appears to his family and friends. 2. There is John as he appears to his colleagues in the Cabinet. 3. There is John as he appears to the House of Commons. 4. There is John as he appears to the men in the street. 5. There is John as he appears to himself. A striking instance of this was Lord Kitchener. The idol of the public, he was detested and distrusted by the Cabinet, while to himself he doubtless appeared as the indispensable hero. During the War there were in England the War Council, the Cabinet, and the War Staff, each working against the other. As these bodies existed under different names in each of the belligerent countries, and as each individual must be multiplied by five as shown above, the wonder is not that the War lasted four, but that it didn't last forty years.

In the earlier chapters of his first volume, dealing with 1915 and 1916, Colonel Repington is very bitter about Lord Kitchener, reflecting the general opinion in London. But when on June 9, 1916, the news came of the torpedoing or mining of the *Hampshire*, the Colonel makes amends by the following paragraph. "A great figure gone. The services which he rendered in the early days of the War cannot be forgotten. They transcend those of all the lesser men who were his colleagues, some few of whom envied his popularity. His old manner of working alone did not consort with the needs of this huge syndicalism, modern war. The thing was too big. He made many mistakes. He was not a good Cabinet man. His methods did not suit a democracy. But there he was, towering above the others in character as in inches, by far the most popular man in the country to the end, and a firm rock which stood out amidst the raging tempest." That seems to us a fair judgment of a great man with great faults, working in unfamiliar conditions with hostile and often incompetent colleagues.

If anyone knows our Arch-Polypapist, it is Colonel Repington, and therefore the following touch is historically valuable. On May 14, 1915, *The Times* published (after censorship delay), the fragment of a telegram from France by Colonel Repington, stating that "the want of an unlimited supply of high explosive shells was a fatal bar to our success." We all remember the political explosion that followed. "Northcliffe, whom I had neither seen nor consulted from first to last, made things much worse by coming in late upon the scene, five days after the publication of my telegram, and publishing in the *Daily Mail* an ill-judged personal attack on Lord Kitchener. This article had precisely the contrary effect of what was intended. The *Mail* was burnt on the Stock Exchange on May 22, and for some time its circulation fell. The best of the joke was that the *Daily Mail* subsequently proclaimed itself to have been the organ that exposed the shell shortage. It had nothing to do with it, nor had Northcliffe, though the latter did the Army some good turns later, as my diary will show." Both the Polypapist and the Prime Minister have a knack of appropriating praise due to others.

According to the accounts now before us, the various conferences between the Allies during the war must have been better than any play. When Père Joffre wanted more men from England, he smacked the table and told Sir William Robertson that he was "un homme terrible." Our bull-necked red-faced General was quite unmoved by the torrent of Gallic menace, only partially understanding what was said. When our Celtic Prime Minister wanted to have his way, his eyes flashed and he wagged a minatory finger at M. Clemenceau, threatening him with a social revolution. Best of all was the interpreter, who allowed a Premier

to talk for a quarter of an hour, and then translated in a speech that was better than the original. The war was conducted in a Tower of Babel. M. Clemenceau, whose wife is English, was the only one of the foreigners who ever attempted our language, though surely Baron Sonnino, whose mother was a Scotchwoman, must speak English perfectly.

The public, i.e., those who fight and pay, were, in all the combatant countries, kept in ignorance of the truth by a censored Press, "chloroformed," as Colonel Repington puts it, "by the censorship." We hope that if there should be another war, there will be a more intelligent censorship. It is best for the public to know the truth, even if unfavourable. But ignorant, malicious, corrupt, and panicky articles must, of course, be forbidden. The difficulty is for the Censor to know what articles are corrupt, i.e., biased by political interest or bribes, and to draw the line between relating ugly truths and creating a panic of pacifism. The best plan, perhaps, would be for the military censors to delete misstatements of fact. Cold, plain statements of fact ought to be allowed, even when unfavourable, and comments on the truth, if it be the truth, ought not to be forbidden. But this perhaps is a counsel of perfection.

The picture of English society during the War will be more greedily devoured by the public than the military criticism. Sometimes on reading the diary of lunches and dinners at the restaurants and in Mayfair, of week-end bridge and lawn tennis parties, we have stopped and asked, Is Colonel Repington also among the Socialists? Nothing is more calculated to increase the ill-feeling (already too prevalent) against the rich and ruling class, than such a passage, only one out of many, as the following: "Sat on the Tribunal all the afternoon. Horrible process of sending fathers of families into the Army. Then to the Ritz, half an hour late, to dine with Lady Strafford's party for the Italian Day. We were a large party, and had a huge round table in the centre of the room. . . . The contrast between the afternoon and the evening made me sad. . . . Afterwards a Vaudeville, and Lady Constance Stewart Richardson posed and contorted and danced, in few clothes and with bare feet. She looked like a dervish. Lady Strafford declared that she was playing John the Baptist," etc., etc.

This sort of thing was done in 1916, when our War fortunes were at their lowest, and conscription had just begun. It is degeneracy, and in Paris would not have been tolerated. Well-bred French people steadily put down entertaining of all sorts during the war, and ladies even gave up low dresses. We don't blame the men who went to these junketings and revels so much as the women who organised them, and the women were all, with hardly an exception, the rich Americans who have married titled Englishmen. The extent to which these rich American women dominate English society is deplorable. Let any one consider the following list. Lady Strafford, Lady Curzon, Lady Cunard, Mrs. Leeds, Lady Granard, Lady Ancaster, Lady Astor, Lady Ribblesdale, the Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Paget, the Duchess of Roxburghe. All are Americans, and they set the style of English society, à la Newport. The old aristocracy may have been dull, but they were at least dignified and decorous.

We have frequently pointed out the absurdity of the police regulation of motor traffic, and we are glad to note that the Scotland Yard authorities at last see the necessity of enforcing the old law against "driving to the common danger." It is ridiculous to force motors to drive at 10 miles an hour through country towns while you allow them to drive at 30 miles an hour through the crowded streets of London. Watch the young men and women who drive motors. Their gaze is alert and worried, but it is not turned on us, poor *piétons*, foot passengers that can do them no harm. Their eyes move anxiously from right to left, but it is *other motors* who might smash them that they are watching. Foot passengers don't exist for them, though all have equal rights to use the public roads.

Motor bikes are bad offenders, and take greater liberties because they don't belong, as a rule, to the rich. The police, however, can do nothing unless magistrates will help by suspending licenses, and unless juries will convict in cases of manslaughter.

Lord Murray of Elibank, was a sad illustration of a man's wrecking his career by Stock Exchange speculation. He was an ideal Radical whip, being an aristocrat with democratic manners. But he thought he would be very clever and increase the Party funds intrusted to his charge by "dabbling," and so he bought American Marconis. Worse than this, he bought through a stockbroker who levanted with the money, and was afterwards convicted of embezzlement. Nor were his activities in Central America on behalf of Lord Cowdray's oil interests successful. In short, he was a gentleman and a good fellow, who strayed into the flock of sheep whom the financiers shear without feeding.

"The hungry sheep look up and are not fed."

Raymond Asquith's intellectual record is the most distinguished that we know. He was a scholar of Winchester and Balliol; he took firsts in Mods., Greats and Law; he got the Craven, Ireland, Derby and Eldon scholarships: he was a Fellow of All Souls and president of the Union. Yet when he fell at the age of 38 he had done nothing in law, literature or politics—nothing, we mean, that the world marks. What is the explanation? It is the old one that for worldly success far more important than brains and education is character, good or bad. The two greatest obstacles to a man's rise are facility, the power of doing two or three things well with less effort than others; and the want of patient concentration on one object. It has been said that there are three factors of success, brains, birth, and industry, any two of which will do, but one alone will not do. Most people would add luck; but luck is fairly evenly divided. Many men hold good cards, but don't know how to play them.

Last June we protested against the indignity put upon this country by the Prime Minister and his Cabinet shaking hands and negotiating with Krassin and Kamenef, the deputies of a gang of thieves and murderers, who could be here for no other purposes but those of plundering, spying, and intriguing. We pointed out that their pockets were bulging with stolen goods, and that if they had any money it could only be the proceeds of robbery. This turns out to be literally true, as these rascally envoys have been selling in London some of the jewels torn from the bodies of the murdered Tsar and his family. In addition to selling stolen gems, these gentry have been intriguing with the Council of Direct Action, the most revolutionary body in this country, have been lying about the peace with Poland, and have been offering to bribe the *Daily Herald* with the price of the Imperial diamonds. Compared with the dignified refusal of the French and American Governments to have any dealings with the Soviet, Mr. Lloyd George cuts a mighty ridiculous figure. And there is not a man in the House of Commons who dares to tackle the Prime Minister on what Captain Peter Wright in *Blackwood* calls "his inveterate taste for low and unscrupulous men."

The State seems to be no more successful as doctor than in the other functions, such as house-building, railway management and coal industry, which it has usurped from the individual. According to the report of the Ministry of Health, something like £250,000 was spent in 1919 on the treatment of venereal disease, which nevertheless is increasing. Attention is drawn in the report to the composition of egg and custard powders, many samples on analysis having been found to be not genuine, i.e., composed of starch. The Durham analyst reports having examined a sample of "Double Cup Cream Custard Extra Delicious and Creamy," found it to contain "100 per cent. of a tinted starch, without any trace of cream or eggs." We wonder how many people have felt ill after eating a caramel cream, a soufflé, or an omelette at a restaurant!

THE FRANCO-BRITISH ALLIANCE.

THE frequently recurring indications that reach us from across the Channel of tensions and misunderstandings between the Governments (not the peoples) of Great Britain and France, must be taken into serious consideration. They must neither be despaired of nor disparaged; they must, on the contrary, be recognised in order that their causes may, if possible, be removed. Whilst the Peace Conference was sitting, it was common knowledge that serious divergences of opinion upon grave questions of policy constantly arose: this was not unnatural, because, as M. Clemenceau is reported to have said, if there were no differences between us, no Conference would be necessary; also because it was humanly impossible for thirty allied nations (to say nothing of the "Associated" Power of the United States) to agree without discussion upon every subject submitted to their attention. But whilst the plenipotentiaries at the Congress of Paris were within daily hail of one another, there was little doubt that even the most divergent views would be composed without danger. That Congress was more remarkable for its corporate goodwill than for anything else.

It was only when the allied representatives separated to all the four quarters of the globe, and tried to put the Treaty of Versailles into execution by long-distance communication, that real trouble began to brew. Statesmen had to give account of their stewardship in the Parliaments of the world, and to make their balance-sheets look as respectable as possible to the largest number of shareholders, and this without previous communications to their allied colleagues of the speeches which they were about to deliver. The Press, relieved of the gentle censorship exercised at the Conference, was not slow to employ a liberty of comment which might, with advantage to the comity of nations, have been more restrained. The allied nations themselves, impulsively believing that the signature of a treaty to ensure the peace of the world was equivalent to its execution, were all desperately disappointed to find themselves deceived, and immediately fell to meting out blame with liberal and impartial hands. From this point dates the beginning of the mischief.

French and English statesmen (we are only concerned with these for the moment, though others, of course, were involved) thereupon began exchanging explanatory Notes, holding flying conferences and issuing pacifying *communiqués* which had not always the desired results. But when the meetings at Hythe and Boulogne and Spa and San Remo were over, the trouble invariably began again within a few days time, and the tension which had been artificially relaxed became once more taut. Why? Simply because our excellent statesmen on both sides of the Channel tried to make themselves believe that all would be well if they could only build a bridge of words—a crazy structure, diplomatically known as a "formula"—upon which they could appear to stand together for a few hours before retiring each to his opposing bank of policy.

There is the rub. Our policies are opposite, and the sooner that fact is recognised the better. M. Millerand does not agree with Mr. Lloyd George about Russia and Poland; we do not agree with our French ally about the further occupation of Germany or the amount of the indemnity to be paid. Yet each of these Prime Ministers has a Parliamentary majority to support his view. These things are obvious, regrettable and must be borne with. But it is intolerable that trained statesmen and educated Parliaments should not be able to solve these difficulties instead of letting them drag on until the tension they engender threatens to break the chain which should bind two peoples determined to be friends. We have been face to face with this grave danger more than once in the past three months, and it has not yet been entirely removed. Yet this alliance is essential to the peace and prosperity of both nations, essential probably to the peace of the world. We insist that its protection is not to be sought in hurried conferences, to which Prime Ministers gallop at every crisis, and from which they bustle away before their work is half done, but through the instrument of a

permanent Joint Commission of both Governments which shall sit until every outstanding matter of controversy is satisfactorily concluded. It would be absurd to expect the Prime Ministers to attend the meetings of such a Commission; indeed, it would be preferable that they should not do so. Each of them has a hundred domestic cares to worry and engage him; neither has the leisure to concentrate upon the aftermath of the Treaty of Versailles. But that is no reason why, to avoid the world-wide disaster of an estrangement between our two nations, each Government should not appoint a Cabinet Minister, with Foreign Office experts to advise him, to take charge of this delicate business. To achieve its completion, no sum of public money would be too great; it would probably not exceed by much the amounts spent on the whirlwind international picnics to which we have referred.

And we should like to add that, in our view, a well-informed Press and public opinion (on both sides of the Channel) would be of inestimable value to the success of these negotiations. We are no admirers of that form of open diplomacy of the baser sort, which consists in compelling leaders to follow, in mistaking *vox populi* for *vox Dei*, and in believing that the clamour of a crowd is the expression of an inspired mandate. But we do hold that there is a great deal to be said for making perfectly clear to our nation and to the French, in plain and untechnical language, far removed from the jargon of Blue-books and the sophistries of Parliamentary orations, the quality and purpose of the contending policies and of the compromise at which our statesmen may hereafter arrive. Let it be remembered that the war has, in large measure, taught both nations—which heretofore were inclined to be parochial in their outlook—to take a wide and lively interest in foreign affairs. A proper system of plain "propaganda," which will bring the necessary information within reach of every citizen, would be a powerful factor in removing those mole-hills of misunderstanding out of which mountains of danger are made. Not the sort of "propaganda," *bien entendu*, upon which we wasted untold sums of money during the first three years of the war, nor yet the equally barren kind that is provided by official *communiqués*; these would be useless for the purpose in hand. What is wanted is a joint Press service that is in the confidence of both Governments, to which both can talk without fear of being "scored off," and which realises that its noblest duty and service is to inspire both nations with mutual trust, to help difficulties to disappear, and to feed the public with the proceedings of the proposed Joint Commission as intelligently as the newspapers nourish them with the general information of the day. Thus invested with that heavier responsibility which goes with fuller knowledge, the British and French Press and people will show their disapproval of any policies of pin-pricks or sharp practice, or of any proceedings that may be misconstrued as such, but will give their unreserved consent to an abiding arrangement which, even if it does not give all that each would wish, guarantees a permanent alliance based upon national honour, mutual interest and the memory of common sacrifice.

This is a far-reaching proposal. Two great democracies are put upon their mettle, having fought and died like brothers, to live together like friends. In domestic matters of the greatest magnitude, these democracies have a commanding vote and influence; who knows that these might not often have been more wisely exercised if the people had been served by better information? But this question of a Franco-British alliance transcends all internal issues in its importance; and is to be decided in the ultimate resort by the people themselves. Then, in Heaven's name, let them be made wise in time. And, in the meanwhile, let both countries delegate the wisest of their statesmen and the flower of their trained experts to apply themselves with a single heart to the contriving of everything that may perpetuate, and to the removal of all that may jeopardise, an alliance and a friendship which is at once the bulwark and desire of two great peace-loving peoples.

'THE WANDERING JEW.'

THE legend of 'The Wandering Jew' is a tremendous theme to undertake, whether we decide that it shall be the legend of a persecuted race, whose tribulations are not even yet completed (as M. Lucien Wolf, champion of the Jews in Poland, will bear eloquent witness), or whether we decide that it shall be simply the legend of a human being cursed with long life. Clearly it is a subject requiring some degree of sensitiveness to the supernatural if we are to deal with it in the spirit of Coleridge, who gives us the veritable *frisson* of the theme in his 'Ancient Mariner,' or in the spirit of Wagner, whose 'Flying Dutchman' brings with him airs obviously not from heaven. To attempt to deal with it in any other spirit, is even more dangerous. Tennyson is the kind of exception that proves the rule. We are lulled by his music into a condonation of Tithonus:—

"The woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes."

This is the theme without its grandeur, without its terror, without any sense of the supernatural or realisation of what it means to be accursed. Our wanderer is just a little tired and the poet is rocking him to sleep along with the critical sense of his readers. Swift's adventure with the Struldbrugs succeeded because he was Swift, a man of gigantic intellect whose terrible prose is often a suppressed and thwarted poetry.

Clearly Mr. Temple Thurston, in taking 'The Wandering Jew' for a hero, was taking considerable risks. He was trying, without music or poetry, to do something which naturally belongs to music or poetry, or, in default of these instruments, to an imagination which successfully projects human feelings into transcendent situations. It takes a Shakespeare to know exactly how a man will feel when he sees a veritable ghost and what the consequences will be to his mental life. Any author can be fantastic and invent awful contingencies. But for the author to invest his fantasy with humanity, to show us how the mind must inevitably react to his awful contingencies, is only within the capacity of genius. Mr. Thurston is an able and ingenious author with a naturally romantic turn of mind. If he has not convinced us that Matathias lived and suffered as Hamlet or the Ancient Mariner lived and suffered, we must needs be merciful. If Mr. Thurston were that kind of genius, the English theatre of to-day would be the last place in the world where we should expect to find him.

On the whole Mr. Thurston was wise to leave out of account the more tremendous implications. He does not endeavour to persuade us that his Jew was a man of an heroic or legendary stature or to convince us that he was potentially great enough to merit his peculiar destiny. Matathias seems rather the victim of an ungovernable temper than of an awful fate. He rushes from his house to revile Christ on the way to Calvary in a fit of passion. It is unimpressive and quite unreasonable, like any ordinary human fit of passion, except that in this case it lasts well over a thousand years. Matathias is still kicking against the pricks at Palermo in 1300 A.D., not quite so vigorously perhaps, but with the same engaging naughtiness. A little later, however, there is a change. Mr. Thurston cleverly places this change somewhere between his third act in Palermo and his fourth act in Seville. We note that with a modest doubt of his capacity to show us exactly how the Jew who reviled Christ became ripe to champion His cause, Mr. Thurston leaves the necessary psychological processes to work themselves out behind the scenes. Behind the scenes is possibly the best place for psychological processes. Like the murders in a Greek play, they should be announced as a *fait accompli* and not perpetrated in full view. It is in Seville that Mr. Thurston seems to show us how and why he came to attempt his difficult enterprise. He

presents to us with skill a scene in which the Jew stands in the place of Christ himself. His judges are of the Holy Office and he is put on his trial for saying that Christ, if He were to return to the world, would have some difficulty in recognizing His Christians. By this time the Jew has come to understand the spirit of the Christ he reviled in Jerusalem. He spends his time in healing the sick and befriending the outcast. The analogy with Christ is pursued to the extreme of introducing a woman in the rôle of the Magdalen and a fellow countryman in the part of Judas Iscariot. The priests of Seville are the Scribes and Pharisees, and Pilate appears in the person of the Grand Inquisitor. And thus the Wanderer at last finds his great deliverance, perishing at the stake in a protest against the Catholic Church.

It is a pity that the producer of the play has not always shown the same wise discretion as Mr. Thurston in avoiding obvious pitfalls. Mr. Thurston has put his mind into the last act, where he successfully points the eternal irony which belongs to the history of Christianity in an incorrigibly heathen world. He is shy of the supernatural and tremendous effects which Marlowe loved to handle, of the philosophic implications which Goethe might have presented, of the high human adventures on which Shakespeare would have embarked. Modest doubt is his beacon. No such reticence or declining of responsibility characterise the electrician, who throws his beaming ray upon the stage as Christ passes under the window, or the engineer who manages the final combustion of Matathias. When will it be realised on our stage that such effects as these are wholly destructive of the impression at which they aim? One simply wonders how they are done, or at most feels in them the kind of interest that belongs to an amusing pantomime. The instinct is sound that rejects such mummary from any part in high art or intelligent religion.

THE M.C.C. TEAM AT SCARBOROUGH.

THE English cricketers start for Australia to-day. Long since chosen for the most part, they appeared for the first time as a team last week at Scarborough. If they and Mr. C. I. Thornton's eleven, who opposed them, have any modesty, or patience, or handwriting left, it is not the fault of the small girls and boys—we put the fiercer sex first—who pestered them at every available moment with cameras and autograph books. This kind of nonsense is spoiling cricket, though the Press has already done as much as can be expected in that way. If we were real journalists, we should devote ourselves mainly to Mr. Douglas's freak of taking off one of the bails to clean his boots. As we are not, we can consider the play.

The selection from the English team won handsomely in a single innings; and barring some portent, it does not look as if a party so strong in batting could on a decent wicket make at any time less than 300. Down to the two bowlers any member of the side might easily make 100, as Woolley did last Friday week. Hobbs is probably the best of living batsmen; Hendren has had a wonderful season of run-getting; and Hearne is now both safe and elegant. Mr. Douglas, Rhodes, and Russell are always difficult to get out, and just the men to stop a rot. But games are won by hitting as well as waiting, and, when we observed Mr. C. I. Thornton gazing at the scoring board, we could not help wondering whether the famous hitter, who once despatched the ball over the houses out of the Scarborough ground, was reflecting on the degeneracy of the present age:—

"He thought it would be jolly,
To thwack a crude half-volley."

He who lets half-volleys alone is sinning his mercies, as the Scotch say. Hobbs hits when he has made, say, 70; Mr. Fender, who was not playing, can indulge in the timely slog; but the generality to-day are too cautious, and encourage bowlers too much. Only those, we gather, who have no reputation for batting allow themselves to hit with freedom. So we saw Hitch in the second innings against the Australian team gather 68 in half an hour by a series of exhilarating bangs. He

was bold, and he was right, for the best of the careful players on the side only achieved 34. It is hardly fair, however, to criticise cricketers at the very end of the season, when they are all stale after months of work.

Though, as we said, the batting is exceptionally strong this year, there is always good batting about in every season. It is the bowling that is the trouble, and makes it. It was significant that Mr. Bettington, the googlie man, had England's best, Hobbs and Hearne, guessing for many an over. A bowler of this sort may run through the best team: that is the portent of which we were thinking. When fast bowlers tire, or get reckless, slow bowlers are very useful. Mr. Wilson, the latest addition to the Australian side, seems to bowl the most innocuous, gentle stuff; he is a fly offering its silly self to an armed spider. But the fly in this case has the wiles, and the result is apt to be more casualties than an obvious wasp like Howell can produce. Howell, as fast as any bowler we have seen this year, has an extra dose of sting at his best, which is always dangerous. He and Parkin, an original bowler who varies his pace well, represent the main part of England's attack. There are no great bowlers about at present; but these two are the best to be got, and we do not know that Australia can produce anything better, or even as good. Barnes, who has a great reputation, might have gone thither, if he had not proposed to take his wife and child. Cricket is not a study of the domestic emotions, or a hotel conference of the political sort, run on leisurely lines, and regardless of time, expense and results.

Another of the chosen, Mr. Spooner, had, unfortunately, after accepting the captaincy, to refuse it. The post naturally fell to Mr. Douglas, who has done well in Australia. Now Mr. Douglas is an all-rounder, a player with a splendid physique and the courage of a buffalo. But he does not need any cameras to persuade him of his own merits. He can go on bowling for ever—and the mischief is that he does. Last week he was the most expensive of the bowlers in the first innings, and put himself on first in the second. We hope he may be less zealous to show his indefatigability in Australia. He may be bowling when Mr. Wilson or Hearne might do better, varying the pace of Howell and Parkin with their insidious slows. Yorkshiremen, who are keen judges of the game, are unanimous about this. "He's a good bowler an' arl. He's a trained athlete (sic!)—Eh, but there's others on the ground as can bowl too."

Such are the *Voces Populi*. But we think Mr. Douglas has the good sense to consult with Strudwick, the veteran wicket-keeper, who is to share that work with Dolphin. Both were on view at Scarborough, and both are first-rate. Strudwick knows a lot. He is a practical philosopher who thinks and acts quickly. He fields all round the wicket, and we almost wish that he was in politics. His powers of intelligent anticipation would make quite a sensation there.

On the other side were several young players of great promise. Mr. Chapman is a marvellous fielder and a fine, free bat; Mr. Stevens can bowl and already bats with the grace and confidence of a veteran; and Sandham looks like a future player for England, but he must learn to throw better. This is an age of good fielding, and Hobbs and Hendren stop and return the ball as well as they hit it. All the select have amply justified their choice. So may they go out and win! They will have to work pretty hard till next March. And then we shall have the Australians coming back here. This seems to us overdoing it: too much of a good thing. But cricket is a good thing, which professional football is not.

A HIGHLAND THRENODY.

A GREY Sabbath morning—the south-westerly wind drives a raw sea-mist before it; we cannot trace the faintest outline of Jura or Scarba, nor even see the cottage homes of our neighbours across the bay. A slate-coloured sea and a rising gale: a "coarse" day, as the West Country Highlander describes it. Yet, beating across the stormy waters, there comes a little fleet of rowing boats which ultim-

ately land, though not without difficulty, at our rocky pier. Whither away, this oilskinned and sou'westered procession of pilgrims who have braved the inclement seas and are now bound for a five mile walk through squalls of driving rain?

From all the airts men and women are gathering on the green before the old parish kirk that stands upon an island eminence, proudly keeping watch over souls up and down the glen and guarding the ancestral tombstones of generations of tenants and their lairds. They have come, for the most part on foot, from their farms among the cloud-hidden hills; but there are gigs and bicycles and even a few motor-cars bringing weather-proof contingents to swell the congregation of the people of mid-Argyll. The rain pours steadily down; the church is packed full and steaming: yet there must be a hundred or two still patiently waiting upon the green to take their part in the ceremony that will for all time commemorate some Highland heroes who left their homes, never to return from the Great War.

The lament of the bagpipes is heard as the Guard of Honour marches up the hill; through the old kirk-yard the men file into the places reserved for them. The 'Flowers of the Forest'—poignant, haunting and heavy with sad memories—is the voluntary that they play to heart-strings which vibrate more intensely to this music than to the stately chords of a cathedral organ. The ministers enter, and a choir gathered from the countryside opens the memorial service with the metrical version of the Psalm, 'Lift up your heads.' A few simple prayers follow; a stirring address from one of the principal Presbyterian Chaplains to the Forces succeeds them, and the religious portion of the day's proceedings closes with the hymn, 'For all the Saints who from their labours rest.' It was noteworthy, this constant reference to the souls of the departed that recurred in prayers and intercessions, in the hymns and in the Chaplain's address. Yet it was in harmony with the spiritual consciousness of the Highlander, who has a perfect faith in the reality of a future life and an almost uncanny sense of union with the spirits that enjoy it. To-day, the living and the dead were brought very close together.

Silently we passed out of the crowded little church, through God's Acre to the village green. To an on-looker the congregation of faithful people now took on the appearance of a great family gathering. There stood the old laird, himself a veteran of the Crimean War and the Indian Mutiny, a patriarch surrounded by his sons who had served in South Africa and in the Great War, and by nearly a score of grandchildren. There, too, his tenantry from near and far—brave though bereaved, most of them. And, in front of all stood the Guard of Honour composed of servants from "the House," gamekeepers and foresters and fishermen, shopkeepers and clerks, farmers and shepherds and others, all wearing their war-ribbons, and under the military command of the Estate Agent. Then followed the unveiling of the Memorial: a Celtic arch of nine steps on either side, each step bearing the famous name of a neighbour and friend who had fallen and leading up to the crowning stone, surmounted by a cross, with the proud inscription: "*They died that we might live.*" This ceremony was performed by one of the laird's sons, a General in the British Army, whose brief and soldierly address went home to every heart. One sentence of it remains in the memory of the writer. Speaking of our sacrifices that had been made in the Great War, and of what our Empire had been delivered from thereby, he said: "Had you lived (as I have lived for the past eighteen months) in a beaten country, you would realise what the bitterness of defeat means to a nation."

A dedicatory prayer was offered, laurel wreaths were laid at the foot of the arch and then a beautiful 'Requiem' was sung by the choir, to a Scottish setting of Mr. Arkwright's fine poem, whose opening lines are:—

"Father, we bring our dead to Thee,
And Thou wilt fold them close upon Thy breast;
There, for a little season they shall be
At rest."

The bugles rang out the 'Last Post,' which echoed over bowed and bared heads, far up and down the misty glen; the pipes wailed 'Lochaber no more' to that family gathering which knew its full significance. It required a supreme effort of self-control to brace up and sing with heart and voice, 'God Save the King.'

Thus closed the day's work—the ending of a ceremony that will long linger in the memory of Argyllshire homes. Statelier ceremonial, memorials more majestic, vaster assemblies, have already been recorded in connection with the nation's tribute to its mighty dead. But if, in the balance against these, we weigh the dignified simplicity, the passionate sincerity and the reverent homage of that humble celebration in the West Highlands of Scotland, we shall not find it wanting.

FATHERS AND SONS.

(By A YOUTH WHO FOUGHT).

THE Editor of the *Morning Post* has been enlivening his columns during the dead season by publishing a selection of letters from youthful correspondents on the modern relations of parent and child. These letters have had the effect, first of all, of displaying an alarming contempt on the part of youth for their elders; and, secondly, of enticing into print, in defence of these upstarts, a young gentleman, by name Beverley Nichols, who has—so far as I am aware—no claim to attention beyond the facts that he has recently published a "public-school novel" of negligible interest, and that he signs himself "President, Oxford Union Society," whereas he is at the moment only President-Elect.

Being on the right side of thirty, I can fairly claim to speak as a representative of youth. And I can say without fear of being contradicted, that the modern custom of ridiculing or ignoring one's parents is not *de rigueur* among any whose fathers and mothers deserve the name.

Nothing could be more desirable than that father and son should be real friends, and no relationship could be less likely to cause disrespect: the argument, therefore, of one correspondent that for a son to call his father "old bean" is a sign that they are "pals," is sheer nonsense. Yet Mr. Nichols affects to like this kind of thing. The conflict between parent and child, between the passing and the coming generation, is of course as old as time, and must remain so long as the world continues to change and develop. It arises primarily from the physical superiority of youth, which gives it an overwhelming self-confidence and belief in itself. Youth must be right, for youth can do anything; and it is notorious, let who will deny it, that might is right.

But let us examine Mr. Beverley Nichols's theory further. He contends that the present treatment of age by youth is due directly to the war and the respective parts played in it by both parties. He complains, in effect, that age sat at home and feasted while youth went riding on the great adventure. Age carped and criticised while youth did all the dirty work. This is a dangerous half-truth, which is worse than a lie. There can be no doubt that youth saved the world in the late war; but that it did so is due to the accident that youth held all the fighting qualities. Age could not save the world because age could not fight. We hold no brief for the type of person who expresses the opinion that it is a "privilege" for youth to fight; it is nothing but a plain and unpleasant necessity. But until the nations see fit to maintain armies of men over the age of sixty, and to let the young stay at home at ease—a suggestion for the President Elect of the O.U. Society with which I present him gratis—a necessity it must remain.

There was undoubtedly a considerable amount of "grousing" to be heard in the line against the type of senior officer who sat at headquarters with a cigar in his mouth and his feet on the mantelpiece—a type which Sir Philip Gibbs has "guyed" in his 'Realities of War.' But on the other hand there were many who appreciated the strain and responsibility which superior command involves. And the other

grumbling—there was a good deal—may be taken as the natural, and on the whole good-humoured, complaint of the man in the mud against the man in the mansion, a state of affairs intensified by the complete ignorance of strategic intention in which the former was perforce kept.

I should be glad to learn on what authority Mr. Nichols asserts that the attitude of youth to age since the war "is one of white-hot bitterness." It is notoriously true that those who talk loudest do least, and it would be interesting to compare his own record with that of many a silent, uncomplaining hero who has "scaled the heights," but who, unlike Mr. Nichols, does not see fit to "wave his banner to the sky." Nothing, we know, has so appealed to the majority of those who fought than the quiet heroism of those who had to remain behind. When we have said all that can be said to the glory and honour of the fighters, there is still a great debt of respect and admiration to be paid to those who suffered silently at home. To some theirs has seemed the harder task. With no glory to encourage or inspire, it was theirs only to sit in dread and wait for news, and the great majority of soldiers would be the last to belittle their sufferings.

To whom, then, does Mr. Nichols turn for his proofs? To himself, it would seem, and to Mr. Siegfried Sassoon. If you would take the true measure of youth's detestation of age—says Mr. Nichols—you should read the war poetry of Mr. Siegfried Sassoon, for it is "a challenge flung with passionate hatred into the face of Age." It is unfortunate that Mr. Nichols should apparently rely solely upon Mr. Siegfried Sassoon and himself to plumb the depths of youth's outraged feelings, for speaking as a youth, I know of several war poets and writers better qualified to represent us.

You will not, says Mr. Nichols, find the true feeling of warrior-youth in the poetry of Rupert Brooke. That is true, because Rupert Brooke, like most of the young University men who fell, was at heart a pacifist and loathed the war, which makes his heroism all the greater. Before I can accept the *ipse dixi* or *tipse dixi* of Mr. Beverley Nichols, I must know a little more of his record in the war.

[We should like to add to the above, that the young men could not have won the war, if the old men had not saved the money to pay for it, and also that Foch, who won the war, was an old man.—ED. S.R.]

CORRESPONDENCE

MR. SMILLIE'S STRIKE.

SIR,—I am a constant reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW, and was greatly struck by the letter from your correspondent, Mr. Ellis Barker. The situation is indeed a serious one, and all the more so from the fact that the Government seem as usual unable to do anything but talk. We read of negotiations, loopholes, golden bridges, &c., &c., *ad nauseam*, as if the threatened strike was just an ordinary one over some difference of opinion in respect of wages, or working hours.

Now the hard fact is that Mr. Smillie is just out to smash the Constitution, and compel the rulers of the Empire to take their orders from him. Ordinary methods are useless in such a case; dangerous diseases call for desperate remedies, and the danger here is plain enough to anyone not wilfully blind. We are in urgent need of a man, and a strong one; but one searches the records of recent years in vain to find him.

It is, to say the least, curious that such conduct as that of Mr. Smillie would be impossible in any country but this. Only a short time back a serious strike was threatened in the United States; the Republican Government wasted no time over negotiations and compromises; they knew a trick worth two of that, and promptly confiscated the strike funds, and the said strike fizzled out as such always do when dealt with by men. Similar cases have arisen in France and the Transvaal; and in each case the trouble was promptly stamped out. Such dealing with such situations requires a man, and a

strong one, I admit; we don't seem to possess any one who can lay claim to be anything but a coward.

A. HEATHCOTE.
Major.

NE QUID NIMIS.

SIR,—Mining and countermining are being briskly practised by the hosts of "The Trade" and of Pussyfoot respectively. The Trade cannot see the trees for the wood and Pussyfoot can't see the wood for the trees; Mr. Bung invites our patronage for himself and our Christian charity for the baby of his begetting; Mr. Pussyfoot desires the freehold of our souls; and neither of them cares a brass farthing for the liberty of the subject.

If the British citizen does not look carefully after it himself, he will find that his freedom, now serving as shuttlecock for Messrs. Bung and Pussyfoot, has been lost: what time those gentlemen shall have thrown it aside after having tired of their game.

Abuse of alcohol is a dreadful curse; it helps to fill our gaols, our asylums, our poor-houses and our reformatories; it saps the public health and the public conscience; it constitutes a vice which is the source of enormous misery and of much atrocious cruelty; and, through the taxes, it enables the wastrel and his progeny to impose upon the body of respectable citizens a system of grinding, irresponsible tyranny. It is needless to labour this point; for it would be difficult to find any sane man who was prepared to dispute it; but, as will be seen, it is necessary to mention it. In these days of triumphant democracy, it is useless to suggest the disfranchisement of the habitual drunkard who begets children and creates other encumbrances to add to the unforeseen burdens of the thrifty: to disfranchise him would degrade the drunken wastrel; so some democrats—something having to be done in the matter—propose to propitiate the gods by depriving the respectable citizen of his modest drink.

Something has to be done; so it is proposed that, as some are incapable of moderation, total abstinence shall be imposed upon all: as children cannot be safely trusted with gunpowder, the manufacture and use of gunpowder must be totally prohibited—as some men are roused, marriage must be abolished and compulsory celibacy be made universal. Sexual vice more than rivals alcoholic vice in its ravages. To tackle the problem after this fashion is to regulate the higher by the lower, in these days of revolution, "enlightenment" and "education." America has chosen this method; and she shall have her reward; for anything which lessens drunkenness is bound to do some good. The probability is that trade will be flourishing in America for three generations to come anyhow; that wages will be good there; and that her citizens will have full bellies in this world; but, having in this world regulated their lives by the limitations of their lowest fellows, they are hardly likely to be destined to feast in Valhalla in the next.

America's action in this matter is quite in keeping with the fashionable spirit of democracy; because some men are drunkards, compel all men to be abstainers; because some are thriftless, reduce all to equality. It was not by such methods that Britian was made free and America was made great: and, if Britain be destined to retain her freedom and America be fated to retain her greatness, such methods must cease.

But, as it is generally recognised that something must be done, why not begin with the drunkard? The war has recalled to our knowledge the practical use of passports. Why not regulate the sober use of drink by passport? It will be no more difficult than to regulate daily railway travelling by the issue of season tickets. It might be effected in this manner:—

(1) Let every citizen, who desires to use alcohol as a beverage, be entitled, on, or after, having attained his or her majority, to claim an annually renewable permit (passport) to purchase liquor; on payment of a fee of one guinea for the passport, and one guinea for each annual renewal—the original permit or passport to have affixed to it a photograph of the holder, as in the case of ordinary passports; and each annually re-

newed permit or passport to have affixed a new photograph, taken *ad hoc*.

(2) Let nobody be served with drink unless he or she produces his or her passport, just as an habitual railway traveller must produce his or her season ticket before being permitted to pass the barrier.

(3) Let nobody be permitted to entertain to drink, in a public house, hotel, or in any other place where drink is sold for consumption on the premises, any person not provided with a passport.

(4) If anybody provided with a passport be convicted of drunkenness, let his passport be endorsed; let three separate endorsements involve the withdrawal of the passport or permit.

(5) Let any vendor of drink, who may be found guilty of supplying with alcoholic liquor any person who has not produced his or her passport, be sentenced to the withdrawal of his licence forthwith.

Such a scheme would cost the State nothing; in fact, it would be a source of material revenue; it would put the saddle on the right horse; the drunkard would be restrained; his dependants would be protected; his neighbours would cease to be annoyed by him; and the orderly citizen would still be able to raise his glass to the King's health.

All this may be a mere carrying of coals to Newcastle; but, if it be, it is news to me.

M. CAMERON BLAIR.

HOW THE NAPOLEONIC WAR DEBT WAS DEALT WITH.

SIR,—Mr. J. Ellis Barker's letter under the above heading, which I replied to in your issue of 4th inst., deals with questions which it is at this moment of vital importance for the country clearly to understand; and the views expressed in that letter are rendered all the more important by the letter which he has contributed to the same issue, under the heading "The Miners and the Nation." The latter makes it expedient for his first letter to be more fully answered. I therefore ask you to allow me to state some essential features of the present position from a point of view which ought not to be ignored.

1. On part of the debt contracted during the Napoleonic war the Government received £60 for each £100 of 3% debt acknowledged, making the loan a 5% investment for interest with 40% bonus in capital. In the years 1804 to 1896 various amounts of the debt were paid off with its value enhanced by changing the double standard debt of pounds sterling, into a debt of gold sovereigns.

That is a specimen of a system of finance which I think ought not to be eulogised, but avoided, in dealing with our present war debt, which still includes 600 million pounds of that old debt.

2. Mr. Ellis Barker eulogises the finance of the Government of that day on the ground that by leaving the war debt as a legacy to us, they were able to employ the "capital" in industrial and other undertakings of vast importance in developing the welfare of the country.

Again and again I have urged, and I beg you, Sir, to allow me once more to urge, through your influential columns, that the *capital* referred to had been paid away in war expenditure, and had ceased to be national capital.

By distributing the war debt among the then possessors of the country's wealth, and writing it off as lost, no diminution of the country's capital would have been caused. There would have been just as much capital for all the worthy purposes on which Mr. Ellis Barker records its expenditure. Not only so, but the interest actually paid away out of revenue would also have been available for those same purposes if deemed expedient. The financial men eulogised by Mr. Ellis Barker placed on the industrial enterprise of the country a debt of £800,000,000, which they ought to have written off as lost money immediately after the close of that war.

3. Our Government—that is to say, the Government put into power by a majority in a popular—a truly democratic—election, are appropriating for national

purposes, the profit made on coal exported last year; and a trade union meeting demands that the profit shall be applied to the reduction of the price of coal paid by consumers.

The members of the trade unions all have the Parliamentary vote and can make their influence felt through Parliament, but they threaten that if the Government do not immediately obey their mandate, they will "down tools" and create chaos, involving semi-starvation to many, and absolute starvation among some of the poorer classes of the community. Can the Government give way without being false to the popular vote which has placed them in power? Is there a placating course?

The question has been narrowed to a clearly definite issue by Mr. Austen Chamberlain, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, on the one hand, having decided that the money is to be applied to the reduction of our national debt; and Mr. Robert Smillie, on the other hand, as Chairman of the Miners' Federation Executive, suggesting that the miners he represents may not be disposed to exert themselves to increase the output of coal if the proceeds of their work is to be applied to the payment of war debt.

There the question stands at this moment. My voice is the voice of a unit, whose vote in the last two General Elections was cast for Mr. Walter Long—that is, for Mr. Chamberlain's party—but it is the voice of a unit who has given, I believe, more consideration than any other unit to the question now at issue; and I beg you, Sir, to allow me to say, without adding further argument to what I have published in the course of the last forty years, that the war debt in the national finance is properly a charge against Capital Account, not against Revenue Account. As a mere question of right or wrong in the treatment of the nation's accounts, Mr. Smillie is right and Mr. Chamberlain is wrong. If any banker were to confuse his Capital and Revenue items in the manner Mr. Chamberlain proposes in the national accounts, he would become liable to twenty years of penal servitude, together with any Chartered Accountant who might certify his accounts to be in order.

That was the voice of a minority at the close of the Napoleonic war; and its prevalence is now imperative for the salvation of the industrial enterprise of the country.

The Government, supported by Parliament, are bound to govern as they may consider it their duty to govern; and it is to be hoped that Mr. Smillie's friends will not force them into civil war; but it has now become clear that as long as it is attempted to make the industrial enterprise of the country carry the burden of the war debt, there will be no healthy co-operation between the various class interests of the country.

It is a mistake to suppose that there is any real difficulty involved in the payment of the debt: a Clearing House for national bonds is as easy as for cheques: an option for giving transfer deeds of property to the Exchequer maturing on the death of the transferer, will clear away many cases: and earned incomes will be managed by Insurance Companies at a lower charge than the present war debt charge.

WM. LEIGHTON JORDAN.

[If we understand our correspondent, he advocates, as Cobbett did after Waterloo, repudiating the War Debt on the ground that the money has been lost, eaten up and blown away. He shrinks from the word repudiation, and uses the milder term "writing off." For a man to borrow money from A B C and D and then refuse to pay it back because he has lost it is queer finance.—ED. S.R.]

A CONSTITUTIONAL PARTY.

SIR,—The letter in your issue of the 14th inst., by "Unionist" suggests thoughts that occur to many citizens who class themselves politically with the Unionist Party. There is a wide-spread feeling of anxiety with regard to the Leadership of what I would prefer to call the Constitutional Party in the State. To adopt a war simile, the leaders of the Revolutionary Idea (I suppose we can hardly call it a party) have

reached the front trenches in the direction of an attack on the British Constitution, and the question that occurs to many minds in the country is how this attack is to be resisted.

I appreciate, therefore, the fears expressed by your correspondent, but I would venture to suggest that the first consideration should be given to questions of policy. The Socialist Revolutionaries are wise in this respect, that their policy is the predominant influence, namely, the attack on the Constitution and the break-up of the British Empire. I think it would not be amiss, therefore, to consider taking a leaf out of their book.

The policy which I venture to suggest is simply the consolidation of the British Empire under some definitely expressed form of constitution, and that at the earliest possible moment. Unity of interest and action and of offence and defence in all matters affecting the Empire should be the text of such a constitution. There have been Imperial Conferences with this idea lurking in the background for years, and another is to be held next year; but circumstances are now pressing forward demanding that it should be expressed in a written form, and adopted by the Parliaments of the various Dominions of the Empire without delay. The country, I believe, longs for a man who will be the protagonist of such a policy. It is only thus that antagonism to the British Empire can be met, whether that antagonism is expressed through Russian Bolsheviks, Sinn Féinism, Revolutionary Socialists at home, or American irresponsible politicians. At the bottom of all the current agitations from these directions the critical question involved is the existence of the British Empire, and the attacks from those quarters must be met by a consolidated Empire, if they are to be successfully resisted. The attack upon the Empire through the physical forces of Germany was successfully met by the physical forces of the Empire. The psychological attacks now emanating from the various sources I have mentioned will, in corresponding manner, have to be met by the combined forces of the will of the people of the Empire.

Is there, therefore, now any chance of forming the nucleus of a constitutional party in the country to take up this matter, and to go forward with a policy which will ultimately lead up to the adoption of a Legislative Constitution which will be expressive of the will of the people at home and throughout the Dominions?

SCOTUS.

EDUCATION AND EXTRAVAGANCE.

SIR,—You rightly call attention to the mad extravagance of the educational scheme which is to cost the country 55 million pounds.

Free education used to be an absurdity, it is now a scandal.

It was absurd in pre-war days, because most parents of the children attending these schools could well afford to pay for their education. I have known men, whose incomes were over £1,000 a year, avail themselves of the rate-paid education for their children, but the greater number of working-men earned, together with their children, from £3 to £10 a week, paying a rent of about 3s. 6d. to 5s. a week, with no income-tax. I am referring to several manufacturing towns in which I was resident some years since.

In the country all the farmers and cottagers alike make use of the elementary schools.

The greater number of the farmers are quite well-to-do—the cottagers used to be ill-paid and poor. There was, then, it seems a reason for free education! Seems, indeed, to those who talk on platforms and occupy important places on Educational Committees, but not to those who have a real knowledge of these schools. It was, I believe, possible for a person unable to pay, to get an exemption, but it was never necessary in my experience—the child was never sent back for want of payment.

All this has altered now, the workman in the town gets more money than he knows how to spend; the labourer in the country is well paid; both are quite able

to pay for the education of their own children. Why should they not do so? Why should the educational expense of such people be paid by others? Their children receive an education which fits them to obtain all kinds of lucrative posts in commercial and State employment, and for which the State pays.

The difficulty of obtaining payment does not appear to be much to a Government who are past-masters in official exaction, who are able to squeeze the last farthing from the new, and real poor, who are chiefly occupied in robbing the thrifty to pay the thriftless.

The incomes of most people are known, or can be known; it is a basis of taxation commonly used by the taxing departments. Let this determine the amount required of parents for the education of their children. It, being a just burden, will be borne willingly for such burdens are somewhat unusual, and then, with Mr. Fisher's Bill deferred *sine die*, the country may decrease the enormous amount wasted on education—wasted, because given to parents who do not want it and who have no right to receive it.

F. W. POWELL.

FREEZING OUT.

SIR,—Major Harrison Archbald does not appear to have disproved my point. As far as I am aware no one since the Armistice has pointed out that in fighting our gallant men were but doing their duty. The fact of many shirking it does not affect it, nor, I venture to think, justify the policy of "freezing out" without the least discrimination, adopted by the ex-service officers and men, who always talk and write as if they alone won the war and endured privations. It is the arrogant and vehement self-assertion which is ceaseless, and which to me at least, weakens their claim. They never express one word of gratitude for what has been and is being done for them, but grudgingly accept even highly-paid posts as less than their due. The Government, as you point out, do not decrease unemployment by displacing one man for another; the national service merely suffers thereby, which the indulgent nation condones without even a murmur of protest.

When one thinks of that boundless patience and long-suffering, one realises how truly great the English nation is. Are those ex-Service men, who being found lucrative jobs, fail to make good and shirk the work, less worthy of censure than those who evaded service in the field? It seems to me they are equally culpable, and the very last persons to complain. It would be more becoming if they held their peace, and more truly noble.

X. Q. P.

"DEBT OF HONOUR" HUMBUG.

SIR,—I much admire and appreciate the attitude you have taken on the above. As for those other journalists who are indulging in so much claptrap, let them show their sincerity by themselves making way for ex-Service men.

Ever since these latter doffed their uniforms they have done nothing but glorify themselves and complain of the ingratitude of others, for all the world as if civilians did nothing for them or for the country during the War and have done nothing since. It's the old trick of Pisistratus the tyrant, only that his injuries were real, even if self-inflicted.

Two things are forgotten: (1) that civilians have organs and dimensions; (2) that many ex-Service men were nothing better than civilians. Only disabled men, if they are capable at all of working, are entitled to special consideration. The others are young with all the world before them, and they are not showing much chivalry in seeking to weight the scales against women and elderly men.

These ex-Service Leagues are as violent, autocratic, and selfish as the Trades Unions. Their secretaries talk in the manner of an old-time factor in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. "This must be done"—"These must go."

Already grave injustice has been done by giving in to these bullying and hectoring demands. Thousands

Government faithfully in the Civil Service during the War, have been scrapped simply to make way for ex-Service men of doubtful industry and capacity. Our only chance of getting back is the very slim one of succeeding on November 4th, in capturing the few permanent appointments allocated to us for competition. Ex-Service men and their Press allies are trying to prevent us from entering. For obvious reasons they don't want any examinations at all. I enclose the syllabus for your perusal.

ARCH. GIBBS.

FRANKENSTEIN.

SIR,—Mr. Bonar Law was reported a few weeks ago to have said that "Sinn Fein had raised a Frankenstein which they were unable to control."

The confusion between Frankenstein and the monster he created was commented upon in more than one quarter, and might perhaps be attributed to a mere slip of the tongue. It was certainly startling, however, to read in your Notes of the Week last Saturday that "the infant Republic of Poland threatens to become a very Frankenstein to the Western Powers."

Mrs. Gamp might be excused for jumbling the prophet with the whale when she wished that the "Ankworks" boat was in "Jonadge's belly," but an equally egregious blunder cannot be so readily condoned in the SATURDAY REVIEW!

There is probably some subtle psychological explanation of the persistency with which cultured writers and speakers confound the protagonists—Frankenstein and his Monster—in Mrs. Shelley's gruesome but powerful story. If it could be given by any of your readers, a curious literary puzzle might be solved.

H. J. AYLIFFE.

[We thank our correspondent for his correction. It was not Frankenstein, but his monster, that gave trouble. The mistake is one of those that slip into circulation, like "Lord Bacon," and become confirmed by repetition.—Ed. S.R.]

THE TELEPHONE SERVICE.

SIR,—I notice in your issue of August 28, a letter signed "A Publicist," in which the following occurs: "In your comparison of the American telephone system with our own, you appear to have forgotten that, apart from the service of operators, it is all a question of water-power, as your correspondent, Mr. J. Landfear Lucas, reminds us."

It is difficult to appreciate the confusion of thought responsible for such a meaningless statement. Water-power has nothing to do with the case. Neither the American telephone system nor the Norwegian is driven by water-power any more than it is by windmill-power.

The American telephone system is widely developed and highly efficient, because in America telephony is a straightforward industry. In Great Britain the telephone has been artificially restricted because in this country telephony is a Government monopoly. Organization, not water-power, is the driving force behind the great American telephone industry.

H. LAWS WEBB.

[Nothing is so dangerous as a little knowledge. It must be obvious that the enormous and steady electrical power generated by water would diminish the fluctuations and expense of electricity generated by steam or gas-driven dynamos. The irregularities and expense vary inversely as the size of the generating system.—Ed. S.R.]

MRS. ASQUITH ON TENNYSON.

SIR,—Though Mrs. Asquith is, I gather, considered illuminating on politicians, I do not find her equally so on other eminent persons of the past. Her story of Tennyson explaining that his "Maud, Maud, Maud," meant cawing rooks is really a little too hackneyed to be exhilarating. It is more than fifty years old, and I have read it at least twelve times in print, the last occasion being in 1911. It would seem, in fact, that the poet and his visitor were working a familiar gambit, though Mrs. Asquith doesn't say so.

TENNYSONIAN.

REVIEWS

THE CREWE CANTATA.

The Secrets of Crewe House. By Sir Campbell Stuart. K.B.E. Hodder & Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

ZADIG cured Irax, a Median prince, of his conceit by sending him a chorus of twelve singers and twenty-four violins, who were instructed to execute a cantata in the morning for two hours, in which every three minutes there occurred the refrain,—

"Que son mérite est extrême!
Que de grâces! que de grandeur!
Ah! combien Monseigneur
Doit être content de lui-même!"

After the fifth day Irax begged that the musicians might be sent away, and became a modest man. As 'The Secrets of Crewe House' are simply a cantata in praise of Lord Northcliffe, it occurs to us that possibly Mr. Lloyd George, our modern Zadig, has induced Sir Stuart Campbell, the manager of *The Times*, to publish the book in order to cure our Polypapist of his insatiable vanity. For if the claim is not explicitly advanced, it is very broadly insinuated that the Polypapist's propaganda won the war. A great many of the "secrets" here revealed, are the portentously long letters on European politics, with which Lord Northcliffe bombarded the patient and polite Mr. Balfour, then Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Of course you cannot start a propaganda until you have settled what you are going to propagate. And nothing is more amusing than to watch the suave skill with which Mr. Balfour parried the Polypapist's attacks on such subjects as Austro-Hungarian, and German policy. It reminds us of Mr. Balfour defending himself against the brutal pressure of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the Tariff Reformers. There is also a voluminous, if not luminous, screed by Mr. H. G. Wells on the reconstruction of Central Europe, which we imagine the Foreign Office consigned to its proper receptacle.

We admire ungrudgingly the mechanical skill and untireable energy with which the propaganda was conceived and executed by the Crewe House Committee and its President. The methods of secret distribution, the printing arrangements, provision of aeroplanes and construction of the balloons which dropped this literary manna on hungry soldiers, all excite our wonder. If mere brain-power and the store-manager's gift of organisation could change national conditions and convert battalions, the trick would have been done from Crewe House. But, alas, "Leviathan is not so tamed." We do not believe that the Northcliffe propaganda was a factor in winning the war for the good reason that the war was won before "the intensive campaign" of the Polypapist started. The propaganda began on the Austro-Italian frontier in May, 1918, and in June, 1918, in Germany. The war was won on the day in the last week of March, 1918, when Mr. Lloyd George and Sir Henry Wilson handed over the supreme control of the Allied armies to Marshal Foch. It may be argued that the Northcliffe propaganda helped the genius of Foch and the invincible tenacity of the French and British troops: that the leaflets completed the demoralisation begun by the hard knocks of the great Frenchman. There are two reasons against admitting this claim, except in a note much lower than that of the Crewe cantata. We will not say that the propaganda had no effect on the war: but we maintain that its effect was small, and was confined to the Austro-Italian frontier, where half the soldiers were hostile to the Hapsburgs from the beginning. Firstly, the German Kommandanturs paid high prices for bundles of leaflets and newspapers brought to them *unopened*, and tons and tons were so delivered. Which do you think a soldier would prefer, cash or a leaflet? We should be surprised if proof could be adduced that 20 per cent. of Polypapist wisdom reached its audience. Secondly, how were these pamphlets or leaflets composed? We have looked at the list of distinguished journalists who formed the Committee, and we more than doubt whether one of them could write idiomatic

German. With very, very few exceptions, no man can write idiomatically in a foreign language. Leaflets written in Anglo-German would excite nothing but ridicule in German camps. Reverse the position, and imagine the effect on British Tommy of leaflets dropped on him from above, asking, "Why will you in this wicked war so wilfully persist? Know you not that our God and our Supreme War Lord the will to victory have?" etc., etc. Tommy would roar with laughter and light his pipe with the precious paper. Admiral Hall and General MacDonagh no doubt had some tame Germans in the Secret Service, as had Scotland Yard. We don't believe Crewe House had any: and without the native pen their pamphlets must have been unconvincing, not to say ridiculous.

In Lord Northcliffe's mentality we have always been struck with a strong vein of simplicity, which the charitable call *naïveté*, and the uncharitable call knavery, or stupidity. There are two signs of this quality in this book. Again and again it is explicitly stated that the propaganda told the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. This is childish. No propaganda could succeed which told the truth. It is the business of the propagandist to omit unfavourable facts, to exaggerate favourable facts, and by so doing to suggest false inferences. This was of course done by Crewe House, and is done every day by Carmelite House and Printing House Square. The art of the propagandist is not to be caught telling a lie. Here is an instance of the truth as understood by polypapists. Facing page 97 is a diagram representing "the growth of the American Army in the field," and the numbers given are for 1918, 1,750,000, and for 1919, 5,000,000; truly terrifying. Now in January, 1918, there were 34 American divisions in France (about 70,000 men) of whom only one division (about 20,000) was in the line. The American Chief of the Staff promised that there would be 4 fully-trained divisions by July, 1918; 8 in October, 1918 (about 160,000 men); and 20 (about 400,000 troops) in April, 1919. By changing 4 into 5, and adding an o, polypapistical "truth" is arrived at. We don't blame the propagandists for lying: it is their job: we only wish to show Lord Northcliffe's idea of the truth.

But the most innocent feature in the book is the quotation of the tributes of praise from Ludendorff and Hindenburg. As the German generals' plans had miscarried and their armies were beaten, the Northcliffe leaflets, arriving in the summer of 1918, when Ludendorff and Hindenburg knew very well that the game was lost, were a godsend, veritable manna dropped from the skies. Whenever anything went wrong in the French revolutionary and Napoleonic campaigns, it was always "Pitt's gold" that did it. What Pitt's gold was to Bonaparte, that was the Northcliffe propaganda to Ludendorff and Hindenburg. By withdrawing soldiers from the southern line and flinging them across the road to Amiens, Foch snatched the Allies literally from the jaws of death. That was in March, 1918: Ludendorff and Hindenburg knew well that Foch had beaten them: but how soothing when the Northcliffe pamphlets began to fall like leaves of Vallombrosa in the month of June! Of course, it was the Northcliffe propaganda that won the war by destroying the German will to win! Foch and Haig were triflers and the War Cabinet a phantom.

THE INCOMPARABLE LUCAS.

Verena in the Midst. By E. V. Lucas. Methuen. 8s. 6d. net.

MR. LUCAS has surpassed himself. And yet, as is often the case, the idea is so simple that almost anyone might have thought of it. Miss Verena Raby, rich, with hosts of friends and some superlatively charming relatives, meets with an accident to her spine: nothing dangerous and nothing painful, but alas! something that makes it necessary to lie on her back for indefinite months. To her come letters by almost every post, for she lives at Old Place in far-off Herefordshire; these letters make up Mr. Lucas's charming book. It is, as the title-page informs us, "a kind of story"; the best kind; the kind that tells it-

self. If you want love-affairs, humour (especially the kind supplied by people who are not conscious of being amusing), unexpected happenings, kind deeds, whimsical ideas, exquisite poetry, delicious foolery, good manners, and a courageous attitude towards life—well, here is a whole book devoted to them. After reading it, one has that "pleasant" feeling induced by, say, half-a-bottle of wine of perfect bouquet. Is life really so attractive? Is the world truly peopled by such delightful and humanly faulty men, women and children? Does everything—or nearly everything—happen just as though it were arranged by a small committee of delectable gods? To these questions we give an unhesitating yes. Mr. Lucas, for the moment, has compelled belief. To-morrow? Well, to-morrow Evangeline Barrance, Bert Urible, Richard Haven, Nicholas Devose, Louisa Parrish and Horace Mun-Brown and the rest may seem a little like people we have met in a dream. It is by Mr. Lucas's magic that to-day, at least, they are to us so very much alive.

As we have said, almost anyone could have thought of the idea, but is there anyone but Mr. Lucas who could have carried it out with so near an approach to perfection? The characters, drawn with so much subtlety and wit and yet, as it seems to the reader, with so careless a pencil, are extraordinarily vivid. We have only one letter, for example, from Bert Urible, the ex-greengrocer, now demobilised, who insists on immediate marriage with Emily Goodyer, the nurse to Mrs. Rossiter's children; yet we dare wager that, from the few facts given, we could guess correctly (a) the colour of his hair; (b) his precise shade of politics; (c) the amount of money he has saved; and (d) the name of his Sunday newspaper (he certainly reads one). Then, again, Walter Raby writes only four lines to his sister, but it is certain—though we are not told these things—that he is prosperous, robustly healthy, unimaginative, affectionate, hard-working and no reader. Louisa Parrish, we are convinced, "peruses" the *Morning Post* in the afternoon and chats in the evening.

The truth is, Mr. Lucas's portrait-gallery is full of people like those we already know; if we have not already met Sir Smithfield Mark, Bryan Field, little Antoinette Rossiter and Roy Barrance, we feel that we may do so almost any day. In real life, they would be just a little dull; as presented by Mr. Lucas, they are rich in interest and full of fascination. What is the secret? Young Barrance, we are tolerably certain, is just a breezy, nice fellow who can't settle down to study and falls desperately in love about once a month. Again, Bryan Field is quite an ordinary, clever doctor with his heart in the right place. Horace Mun-Brown is the customary bore who is constantly on the verge of making imaginary fortunes by impossible schemes. And so on. As we go through life, we meet scores of such people; for an hour or two they interest us mildly, and then we proceed to forget all about them. How is it, then, that when these same people are shown to us by Mr. Lucas, we find them so entrancing? The answer, of course, is that it is Mr. Lucas's wonderful art that intrigues us so vastly, that it is his ease and celerity that excite our wonder. How is it possible that one man can so intimately and authentically be so many people? Each letter has its happy humour, each page its individual, felicitous turn of phrase. And though his characters seem to say so little, they, in fact, say everything.

We have only one quarrel with our author. In his index to the poetry quoted in the letters, he omits the names of the respective authors of 'Father-Love' and of the wicked parody of T. E. Brown's 'My Garden.' These, we imagine, will be copied into some scores of commonplace books.

THE KINK IN MAZZINI.

Mazzini's Letters to an English Family, 1844–1854. Edited by E. F. Richards. John Lane. 16s. net.

"BETWEEN Austria and me *c'est un duel à mort*!" wrote Mazzini to his friend Emilie Hawkes (née Ashurst) in that year of European convulsion, 1848; and in this collection of his epistolary outpourings to

that lady and other members of the Ashurst family we find him—a man for ever possessed, haunted, tragic. We all know what he did for Italy; how, in his way, he helped Cavour and Garibaldi to deliver her from the triple bands of brass and iron in which Austria in the north, the Papacy in the centre, and the Bourbons in the south had bound her until she had indeed become what Metternich had called her, “a geographical expression.” Mazzini, too, has become a kind of classic, touched perhaps with melodrama, the dagger and the poisoned bowl. But at last the real man is emerging—a creature capable of infinite tendernesses, no less than of deadly malignities, a man who could speculate upon and analyse with equal intensity and ability a baby's first cry, a tune by Tom Moore and the findings of the Congress of Vienna.

For more than thirty years he was eagerly sought for by the spies of the three Powers we have named, and practically the whole of his plotting and conspiracy had to be done in exile. He seemed to pass safely through armies of spies and police and political enemies in countries where to be discovered was to die. Like Gadshill in that delicious scene at the Rochester inn in ‘Henry IV.’ (part 2), he seemed to “have the receipt of fernseed and to walk invisible.” Here, however, we find that he was not, after all, for ever passing through hordes of enemies. On the contrary, like a wise man, he would shut himself away in an Alpine cottage or a “third floor back” in London or Paris, not stirring outside the door of his room for weeks at a time, disguising his handwriting in his correspondence, adopting assumed names, and generally providing the Muse of History with a very complete and picturesque embodiment of a conspirator of the romantic convention in all his glory.

He loved the Ashurst family very sincerely, particularly its ladies Caroline and Emilie, and their mother he devotedly revered. They and their circle, which included James Stansfield, J. G. Holyoake and W. J. Linton, the engraver, were Socialists like himself or very advanced Radicals, and they were all absolutely devoted to Mazzini's ideal of a free and independent Italian Republic. The ladies of the family sat at his feet when he was in London, and sent him comforts when he was away, and to them he poured forth his whole soul. In these glowing letters his love of the beautiful and his very real if exceedingly unorthodox piety find as fervid expression as his passionate patriotism. The Simplon and the St. Gothard wring from him the old cry, “Who could be an atheist amid these marvels? The everlasting silence speaks of God.” And then—and here steps in the queer melodramatic kink in him—we find him toying with the idea of assassination as a form of political argument. With all the will in the world we find it impossible to take any other view of the story of the paper-knife in which he and Antonio Gallenga play their fantastic parts on pages 288–292. Of course we have to remember that Mazzini was then young and Italian, that Gallenga was plausible, and that the proposed victim, Charles Albert, King of Piedmont, undoubtedly had his little failings. Still, there remains the kink, and something of grandeur inevitably falls away from the great and lovable figure.

Mrs. E. F. Richards, as editor of the Letters, has done her work with a refreshing enthusiasm tempered with a rare conscientiousness and a notable grasp of the events as well as the *personnel* of her period. The book carries us as far as the autumn of 1854, and there is to be another volume early next year, which should be even more important. It is illustrated with portraits, and we have found it a book very hard to lay down. But it leaves us understanding easily enough how it came to pass that Camillo Cavour occupies so far greater a position in the esteem of intellectual England

than Giuseppe Mazzini, and how great a part the chivalry of Garibaldi played in the inspiring of our *Viva L'Italia!* of half a century ago—and even of today. What sort of a figure, we may well ask, is the Italian proletariat, to which Mazzini so passionately and so narrowly appealed, cutting at this present moment? The old truth still stands that the best patriot is the uniter and not the divider of classes.

BLUE-COAT BOYS AND AUTHORS.

Coleridge, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt (*The Christ's Hospital Anthology*): Selected and Edited with a Synchronous Narrative of their Lives by S. E. Winbolt. With illustrations. W. J. Bryce, 24a, Regent Street, S.W. 12s. 6d. net.

MR. WINBOLT, now and for many years a master at Christ's Hospital, is a man of good taste and knowledge in letters, and he has published this book with the idea of making his school keener about its literary worthies. At Horsham there are Houses named after Coleridge and Lamb, and other memorials of them. But the schoolboy does not take readily to “allusive essays,” quaint diction, and philosophic disquisitions, or even, we fear, to poetry. If he did, how, Mr. Winbolt asks, can he “easily find his way to what is the best in the works of three very diffuse writers?” “Diffuse” here means that their writings are scattered over many books. The epithet in its depreciatory sense might be applied often to Hunt's verse, and occasionally to Coleridge's prose; but not to Lamb. The trio were never hopelessly verbose, diffuse in the sense that Gladstone was. Mr. Winbolt has traced their career of companionship from year to year, and placed them in the current of literary and national life. Thus in 1813 Coleridge succeeded with ‘Remorse,’ Lamb failed with ‘Mr. H—,’ Leigh Hunt suffered for calling the Regent a corpulent Adonis of fifty, and ‘Pride and Prejudice’ appeared without a hint of the Peninsular campaign. Mr. Winbolt must have taken immense pains with his narrative, and we should like to see it published by itself for literary students in a better binding, apart from the selections in prose and verse which follow. Both together make rather a bulky book.

Of Lamb and Coleridge so much has been written that we are not inclined to add more. But Leigh Hunt, in spite of his long career as a writer, is little known. For one who has read his ‘Autobiography’ there are a hundred who know him only as the Harold Skimpole of ‘Bleak House.’ In the best of his prose he is charming, easy, fanciful, a gracious prattler. His volumes on ‘The Town’ and ‘The Old Court Suburb’ are models of their kind. When Lamb and Hazlitt were alive, he was obviously overshadowed as an essayist. His gay spirits, like those of Christopher North, do not seem so gay as they were; and we feel the same distaste for him that we have for that prime sponger on his friends and patrons, the poet Martial. Even if you cannot understand arithmetic, it is not decent to live on other people's money, as Hunt admitted in his later days. There was a vein of mawkish sentiment, of the pretty-pretty, in his work; and it seems absurd that a born Arcadian with the widest sympathies should have turned party politician, and got two years in prison. The cult of beauty, not of Toryism, Whiggism, or any other ‘ism,’ was Hunt's true business. He should have written only of music, children, books, old Kensington. His verse is so good for a line or two that its lapses astound and annoy us. His ‘Song of the Flowers’ reminds us that Shelley did verse of that sort divinely.

But in metre he achieved vigour and variety, an

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had the pleasure of noting that his freer modulation was followed by "all the reigning poets." He was a genuine Romantic, and helped Keats more than he harmed him. Poets in those days knew the Elizabethans, but Hunt knew the Italians and the ancient classics as well. Capable of vulgarities in his own writing, he had excellent and catholic taste as a critic. He pointed to the best of unfamiliar things. He made an English gem of one of Martial's poems on the little girl Erotion. The wistful grace of childhood was a theme quite to his mind. Mr. Winbolt has not included this rendering, but he has given enough of the 'Autobiography' to show its quality. Reading it again a year or two ago, we found it a pleasant holiday-book, not the worse for lacking the malice which finds faults in every friend for the benefit of the "world's coarse thumb." In old age Hunt reached a singular candour concerning his own performances. He knew that his own 'Story of Rimini' was crude, containing couplets like

"Before it left, the Prince had sent swift word

To the old Count of all that had occurred."

He came to realise, as we all do to-day, the folly of political quarrels which spoilt literature and exacerbated the best literary pens. He praised Lamb charmingly; he praised Carlyle, who growled at Lamb in his gross, patronising manner. He was not quite a gentleman, and not built in heroic mould; but he could make the great claim of his own Abou Ben Adhem:—

"Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

AN AMERICAN NURSE IN FRANCE.

Finding Themselves. By Julia C. Stimson. Macmillan. 8s. net.

IN bygone days we remember to have heard a veteran actor declare that the bane of modern histrionic practice was its determination at all costs to be "natural." On the assumption "ars est celare artem," he maintained that there should be some art to conceal, and that to bring the speech and action of ordinary life, just as they are, on to the stage was to court disaster. We think that this principle might be extended to another art, and recommended for the consideration of publishers. A nurse's letters home from the Front, written in the moments she can snatch from her labours, brimming over with the particulars of her daily experience, may be nearly as natural as her conversation; and it needs no effort of imagination to understand that for her family, they have a value beyond that of any masterpiece in verse or prose. But unless in addition to her other fine endowments she possesses some touch of the literary gift, her letters will not have the quality which can carry that value, so to speak, over the footlights, and make an appeal to the general reader. Such reflections seem, it must be confessed, peculiarly ungracious concerning the record of heroic and ungrudging service contained in this volume. Yet the hard fact remains that, as we read, our principal impression is of having heard it all before. Now and then we meet with a detail which hits us in the face, and for a moment brings some realisation of the horrors these women faced so gallantly. Such is the story of a nurse working all night under conditions which affected her as rough weather affects a bad sailor, and returning steadily to her post after each attack of sickness. As an example on the brighter side, we may take the enthusiasm of English V.A.D.'s for baseball, a game introduced by their Transatlantic colleagues. In the light of recent legislation we are also interested to learn that American nurses made it a point of honour to refrain from wine-drinking; a genuine enough sacrifice, as Miss Stimson truly observes, in a vine-growing country like France.

FRAULEIN SCHMIDT AGAIN?

In the Mountains. Macmillan & Co. 7s. 6d. net.

IT is now several years since the novel-reading world was delighted with a series of imaginary letters written to an Englishman by a girl domiciled in Germany, but of semi-British origin. They were charm-

ing letters in every way, but especially in their revelation of the supposed writer's character. Under peculiarly trying conditions this young woman gave proof of a courage and self-respect most unusual with the heroines of fiction; and after a tough struggle rallied from a blow which might well have broken her for life. We seem to trace a close analogy between the circumstances of Fräulein Schmidt and those hinted at by the anonymous narrator with whom we are now concerned; and in behaviour also the two ladies strongly resemble each other. The scene is a wooden cottage in the Swiss mountains. Its owner, an Englishwoman cruelly shaken by the War, and in addition by some terrible personal trouble for which the War is not responsible, has come hither to throw herself on the healing resources of Nature, and finds her confidence justified. Mr. Anstruther's correspondent could not have afforded a journey to Switzerland, but as far as was possible she tried the same method, and with a like result.

Here, however, the story diverges from the path pursued by its predecessor. Our interest is presently concentrated, not upon "Madame" (she is called by no other name), but upon two widowed sisters, her compatriots, who fall by chance in her way, and on whom she generously bestows hospitality. They are styled respectively, Mrs. Barnes and Mrs. Jewkes, this last appellation, as their astute entertainer at once perceives having a distinctly German flavour. Both widows are, in their different ways, triumphs of characterisation, but the pre-eminence must certainly be assigned to Mrs. Barnes. The devastating influence which genuine unselfishness, not qualified by intelligence, can exercise on the happiness of others is illustrated by her example with unsurpassable delicacy and sureness of touch. The satire of this delightful picture is tempered by what, in default of a more subtle phrase, we must describe as a really remarkable absence of ill-nature, and our pleasure in it is marred only by a few obvious exaggerations of detail. How, for example, could the ever considerate Mrs. Barnes have constrained her sister, from whatever motives, to read aloud for something like half a dozen hours a day, or hindered her shivering hostess from enjoying a much longed for fire when the weather turns suddenly cold? Would even she, to say nothing of the younger and more sprightly Mrs. Jewkes, have considered long black skirts an ideal equipment for mountain climbing, and that too in the year of grace 1919? And, but that they might furnish the text for a Carlylean disquisition on the ethical import of underclothing, would both sisters, obliged as they were to the strictest economy, have worn white embroidered petticoats which must have cost them a fortune in laundry bills? We are puzzled, too, by Mrs. Barnes' estimate of Thackeray as a novelist eminently suitable for the reading of young people in virtue of his safeness, and presumably dullness. Not so was the author of 'Vanity Fair,' according to our recollection, regarded in circles such as that to which the good lady owed her early training.

Of Mrs. Jewkes it is only necessary to say that she is charming and under a cloud, which, however, leaves

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no serious stain on her moral character and does not prove an impediment to her marriage with an elderly dignitary of the Anglican Church, who appears—from a machine—for this purpose. It is a sad fact that the arrival of this reverend gentleman should synchronise with a decline from that high level of both humour and feeling which till then have rejoiced our hearts. We are now plunged into a welter of anti-clerical pleasantries remarkable neither for value nor freshness. We find it, moreover, impossible to regard the final matrimonial arrangements with quite that degree of enthusiasm which they seem to evoke in the author. But these are trifling matters indeed in comparison with the enjoyment which we owe to this most agreeable volume and to its originator.

SMALL, BUT GOOD.

Blackie's Compact Etymological Dictionary. Prepared by Richard John Cunliffe. Blackie. 2s. net.

THE objection to popular books of reference is that they do not usually get beyond the popular standard of learning, which is no standard at all. The compilers of such books have a way of copying their predecessors and reproducing wild guesses or foolish derivations of some plausibility which have long since been disproved by patient specialists. This 'Compact Dictionary' is of a different order. We know Mr. Cunliffe already as the editor of a useful Dictionary of Shakespeare's language, and can quite believe the opening remark in his Preface that "a larger work could have been produced with much less labour." He has used the best and latest authorities—in particular the vast erudition of the 'New English Dictionary.' He has confined himself to etymologies which can be regarded as pretty certain, and wisely decline to perpetuate casual suggestions which lack evidence to support them. A good many popular derivations have been proved wrong, but the public, of course, does not know that. Any little scraps of erudition it picks up are generally distorted, when it reproduces them to an admiring audience. It is in the position of Mrs. Squeers who thanked Heaven she was no grammarian.

It is a pleasure to note, after examining the little book thoroughly, that the space available has been used to good purpose. The inter-connection of words—a point of special interest to the student—has been ingeniously indicated by means of small capitals. Greek and Latin are given correctly, the former being transliterated into English letters.

The average reader will find many surprises, when he looks up this word or that, whether it is obviously of learned origin, or appears to be simple English. The juice which we call "gravy" and the cloth we call "tweed" both embody corruptions of language which have given them mistaken forms. "Treacle" is an antidote for the bite of vipers; "zest," originally something to give a relish, is from a Greek word meaning "divided," and so a piece of peel put into drink to flavour it. To "prevaricate" is to walk crookedly, in a knock-kneed style, from the Latin "varus," the same metaphor being preserved in "transgress." A "polecat" is one with a taste for poultry. A "politician" goes back to the Greek for a city, not a country, and an "idiot" expresses a touching faith that a private person is less gifted than a public official. A "tandem" preserves a Latin pun, for it is simply an adverb of time, meaning at length. "Bosh," which, by-the-by, the author has not included, is simply the Turkish for "empty," and was introduced into English by Morier, the author of 'Hajji Baba.'

At the end we find some useful special sections. We congratulate Mr. Cunliffe on his labours, and hope they will be appreciated by the public, and that large body of writers who know nothing about English. Johnson, deriding himself, called a Lexicographer "a harmless drudge," but for the man who knows, like Mr. Cunliffe, such work is not drudgery; it is both valuable and delightful.

THE AGE OF JULIAN.

The Death of the Gods. By Dmitri Merejkowski. Constable. 4s. 6d. net.

THIS book, though by no means new, may be novel to an incurious crowd of readers. Not even the excellent English of Mr. Herbert Trench's translation can disguise its origin. Its literary style has a strong family likeness to that of Turgenev and Dostoevski. Besides this, over all broods the dark pessimism of the Russians; it has been said of their books that "everyone is unhappy, and it snows all the time." In 'The Death of the Gods' we encounter snow, whenever the latitude can be forced to admit it. The murder of Gallus Cæsar in a sordid lodging, surrounded by a dirty little town submerged in snow-broth, is an anticipation of the Bolshevik flavour. The melancholy is not inappropriate, however, to the decadent age, and the end of a huge Empire falling to pieces.

'The Death of the Gods' is a collection of episodes (for there is no plot to justify the title of novel) dealing with the life of Julian the Apostate. There is a wonderful vividness in these episodes and pictures; the story of a pure and noble soul, embittered by hatred of the gloomy and ascetic version of Christianity which is all that he has known, and turning in vain to the worship of the gods of Hellas. His second disappointment is worse than the first, for it includes himself, as he realises how poor a Hellene is even a Roman Cæsar, if handicapped by weak health, a sombre temperament, and the collar-mark of a Christian education still on his neck. Nevertheless, Julian strives hard to impose on his subjects an artificial gaiety and freedom, and the working out of this hopeless task is relieved by some charming incidents. One is that of the golden-haired Arsinoë playing quoits in a solitude of blue sky and sand, and holding out her arms to embrace the sun; another, the release of two white pigeons destined for sacrifice, which "fled away into the sky with a delirious beating of white wings, making for the footstool of Aj hrodite."

The works of similar nature which present themselves for comparison are, of course, 'Salamambo' and 'Quo Vadis.' In our opinion Merejkowski cannot challenge either of these. He offered neither the weighty erudition, nor the marvellous local accuracy of 'Salamambo.' In this, it may be remembered, Flaubert was prepared to defend with sword and pen the smallest detail, down to the blue pebbles of the paths in the grove of Tanit, and he successfully proved, against all opposition and by unimpeachable statistics, that on the site of Carthage blue pebbles by moonlight are blue! Nor has 'The Death of the Gods' the well-constructed plot of 'Quo Vadis'; the characters, with the possible exception of Julian himself, are types, not persons; moreover, racy as the dialogue frequently is, there is no one whose wit approaches that of Petronius. However the comparison is scarcely fair, for 'The Death of the Gods' is a much shorter and slighter work than either of the others. It certainly is well-named.

FICTION IN BRIEF

CRATER'S GOLD, by Philip Curtiss (Butterworth, 7s. net) is an American story. A New York journalist inherits a tumble-down place in the country and suddenly finds himself surrounded by a crowd of would-be purchasers of his house, without any reason assigned. Mysterious things happen, a large motor car disappears altogether, a ghost story connected with the place is discovered, and the owner and his friends are in real danger before a simple and totally unexpected explanation of the mystery.

GOD'S PRICE, by Maude Leeson (Allen & Unwin, 7s. 6d. net) is a story depending on the fundamental indissolubility of marriage. Richard and Valerie Kent were divorced after two years of marriage, leaving her with a young son, Kit. After seven years Richard returns to England to make the acquaintance of his child, and the story deals with the growth of the boy's affection for him, and the results of another man's wooing of Valerie. Clemence Saxon, Valerie's companion, is a finely imagined woman. The book is well written and interesting.

MY PROFITABLE FRIENDS, by Arnold Palmer (Selwyn and Blount, 7s. 6d. net) is a collection of short stories, sketches, and impressions. The last are perhaps the best of the lot; the stories are of a familiar order, much better done by older writers. It is a book to enliven a railway journey or fill up an odd half-hour of leisure.

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THE STATUTORY MEETING of the shareholders of Amalgamated Textiles, Ltd., was held on Tuesday at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, E.C., Mr. T. Henry Morris, D.L., J.P. (the Chairman), presiding.

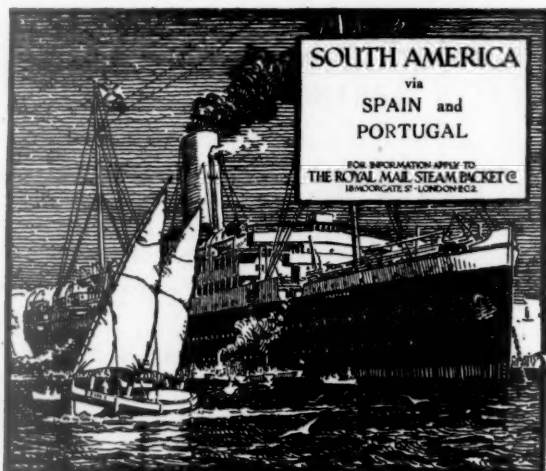
The Secretary (Mr. S. J. Gordon) having read the notice convening the meeting and the auditor's certificate,

The Chairman said:—Gentlemen,—I am pleased to report to you that the two concerns—William Morris and Sons, Ltd., and John H. Beaver, Ltd.—continue to make satisfactory progress. Doubtless it is well known that recently there has been a heavy fall in the value of all classes of wool to an extent of from 30 per cent. to 50 per cent., which has so far been met without any serious difficulties in the trade. It is greatly to the advantage of the industry and the consuming public that we should be able to move back to pre-war conditions and values at an early date.

The world is bare of all commodities, and especially clothing. The demand for wool products is ever growing, and as it will probably be some years before countries like France, Germany and Belgium can secure their pre-war output there must be a large demand for supplies for our own country and the empire beyond the seas, especially if exchange difficulties could be satisfactorily arranged from every country in the world. In such circumstances the prospects are bright if the workpeople will lend a hand and do their best to increase the output and take advantage of prosperous times.

At an early date—probably the end of October or beginning of November, a date which may depend upon whether there is a coal strike or not, and other like circumstances—it is the present intention of your directors to distribute some of the profits, and I am authorised by the Board to say that we contemplate declaring an interim dividend of 10 per cent. to all shareholders who will then be upon the company's register. This dividend will correspond roughly to the first half year's working of this company; in other words, we have it in mind that we are in a position to distribute profits at the rate of 20 per cent. per annum on the Ordinary share capital of the company.

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Labour influences continue to dominate the Stock Exchange to the serious detriment of business. But for these dealings would without question be brisk, for the investing public have large and increasing balances available for investment. Not only so, but in certain directions attractions are numerous and multiplying. The enormous profits now being realised by the gold mining industry provide a case in point, and another is furnished by the many and important developments in connection with the oil industry. Overshadowing everything, however, is the threatened coal strike with all the dislocation it must necessarily entail and there is little wonder the public are tightening their purse-strings. It would be surprising were it otherwise.

On the whole it can at least be said that the markets are holding their ground unusually well. It is not often that stock markets can be regarded as a national barometer, but such is at least the case to-day. The British public know that right is on their side, and a not inconsiderable section of the miners have shown in the ballot that they share this knowledge. Consequently the public, while they afford but little support to the market, at least abstain from selling, thereby demonstrating their confidence that, whether a strike eventuate or not, commonsense must triumph in the end, as it will. The attitude and utterances of the miners' leaders and the leaders of other sections of labour give rise to a lot of loose talk, and fears, of Bolshevism, but it should not be forgotten that in Russia over 80 per cent. of the workers are unable to either read or write and that consequently superstition plays the part there that logic does here. Bolshevism will never be a potent force in this country; we have too much commonsense.

It is worth while noting in passing that the gilt-edged market is the steadiest of the lot, and in view of its being that in which the investing public of all classes are most interested, the fact is encouraging. Prices have come back to some extent, it is true, but the extent is, broadly speaking, infinitesimal. Thanks for this are due to the retention for the most part of the war time regulations in regard to speculative business, the result of which is that an intrinsically sound position exists, so that conditions are fully favourable for a sharp rally when circumstances warrant. As much may be said of the home railway market, where a notably firm undertone rules, despite the fact that this division is for very good reasons peculiarly susceptible to industrial troubles, such as those now threatening. For home industrials few have a good word at the moment, and in all the circumstances this affords little ground for surprise. Here again, however, confidence as to the outcome of the present trouble is far from lacking, and it is noteworthy that such offerings as come to market do not go begging.

For many weeks past now the Oil share market has been the chief centre of activity. At the moment of writing even this division has quieted down to some extent, but this is merely a passing phase so far as the leaders are concerned, for while the British public have been to some considerable extent responsible for the activity, by far the bulk of the business has been for foreign interests, chiefly Dutch and American. Amsterdam has been the chief factor in the case of Shells, while America has provided the backbone to the market in Mexican Eagles, purchases of which latter are all being shipped to that quarter. In the case of Shells rumour is still busy to the effect that with a view to the evasion of the E.P.D. and the Corporation Tax, the headquarters of the undertaking will be moved to Amsterdam. So far there has been no official denial, and if rumour is false, it is at least strange that one is not forthcoming. Among other rumours current in regard to this concern is one to the effect that all the shares are to assume bearer form, which would certainly render

them increasingly attractive from a market view point. It would be a little sad, however, for the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The prosperous gold producing companies of the Transvaal, as those of other countries, are now raking in almost phenomenal profits consequent upon the growing premium which the metal commands, and some surprise is very naturally being voiced at the comparative apathy of the public among whom the Kaffir Circus was at one time so popular. There is, however, a two-fold explanation of this. It will have been noticed that following each advance there develops a bout of selling, and many dealers explain that the "big houses" are responsible for this, as in fact they are. But there is this important qualification, that their sales for the most part consist of shares in the many Transvaal undertakings which now depend upon the gold premium for their very existence. Before the war, with its aftermath of stupendously increasing costs, such concerns were well able to pay their way; to-day, with fifteen or twenty shillings knocked off the premium it would be unprofitable to operate them. The much maligned "big houses" are therefore only following the dictates of commonsense. They are not selling the shares of the prosperous concerns, but on the other hand are taking advantage of the opportunity to pick them up cheaply, and if the public do the same they will have little cause for regret in the long run.

The remainder of the explanation is the failure of the public to recognise the lasting nature of the gold premium and its relation to companies which could still work at a satisfactory profit even if the premium disappeared. This premium, while in some slight measure due to gold hoarding, mainly reflects the adverse state of the American exchange, the righting of which belongs to the very far distant future. To realise this, it is necessary to remember (1) our present and future dependence on the United States for grain, in which connection owing to the high cost of agricultural labour in this country, increasing areas are being converted from wheat to less speculative and more profitable crops and (2) that in May, 1922, interest payments on our loan indebtedness to America will commence. This will entail an annual drain of some sixty millions sterling per annum nominal; actually it will be considerably more, as the situation will be governed by the exchange. There are other factors of less, though not little, importance, such as the deterioration of our productive industrial capacity, as is evidenced by the deplorable statistical position of the coal-mining industry. All these influences demonstrate beyond question that the day when the gold premium will assume insignificant dimensions is not yet within sight.

We gather from the *Yorkshire Post*, that yet a further Lever deal on the lines of the recent A. and F. Pears and Joseph Watson schemes is in prospect. Early in the War Lever Brothers secured control of the New Transvaal Chemical Company, the capital of the latter being reorganised to enable the Lever interests to subscribe for a large block of Ordinary shares, while the New Transvaal Company at the same time subscribed for a similar amount of Lever Brothers 15 per cent. Preferred Ordinary shares. Complete fusion, it is understood, will shortly be effected, holders of the New Transvaal Chemical Company's Preference capital being offered an advantageous exchange into Lever Brothers Preference shares.

It will be recalled that at the meeting of British Glass Industries, Ltd., in June of this year, the chairman foreshadowed an interim dividend of 10 per cent. as soon as the acquisition of United Glass Bottle Manufacturers, Limited, had been completed. This is now announced and is payable on the 30th of September to shareholders of record on September 15th. This great undertaking, which was organised by the Commercial

Bank of London to establish a real glass industry in the United Kingdom, now owns or controls more than twenty large glass-making concerns and has under construction four large modern glassworks from which revenue is already beginning to accrue. The price of the £1 shares of British Glass Industries, Ltd., is just over par, which is equivalent to over £2 10s. per share, as under the capitalisation scheme a bonus was distributed of three £1 shares in respect of every two held. At the above-mentioned meeting, the chairman stated that the concern was already netting profits of approximately £600,000 per annum and predicted that an ultimate profit of £1,500,000 would prove to be a conservative estimate. The shareholders are to be called together again in December next, when the question of a further distribution will be dealt with.

Another recent item of interest to the industrial share market, has been provided by the Dunlop Company. It had been made known some time previously that a bonus distribution of 300 per cent. in shares was impending, but the announcement of a further capital issue of 3 shares in ten at a premium of 10s. per share came as somewhat of a surprise. Under normal conditions this would have been regarded as a "bull" point, as indeed it is. "Bull" points, however, are rather wasted on markets under present conditions and instead of advancing on the news, the old shares have slumped to the neighbourhood of £6. At the price of 30s., ex bonus and rights, they are an undoubted bargain for those prepared to lock them away for a few weeks.

The proposal to liquidate the Field Line (Cardiff), Limited, is not likely to meet with strenuous opposition from shareholders seeing that the process will result in a distribution of £4 for each £1 share. This concern, which has been in existence about 18 years, has had varying fortunes, its dividends having fluctuated in pre-war days between 2½ per cent. and 25 per cent. The fleet was disposed of early in the war, however, and the dividends since paid have been derived from investments. In view of the indifferent outlook for the smaller shipping concerns the directors are undoubtedly recommending a wise course, though the proposed allocation of £50,000 to the management and the directors hardly seems to savour of parsimony.

Other features of industrial interest have included the big success of the offer by the British, Foreign and Colonial Corporation of £800,000 8 per cent. Second Debentures of the Anglo-Newfoundland Development Company. The investment attraction here is the standing of the guarantors so that the fact that the total was over-subscribed in a few minutes affords little ground for surprise. While on the subject of Northcliffe interests, we learn that a proposal is afoot for capitalising certain of the assets of Associated Newspapers, Limited, with a view to making a distribution among the Deferred shareholders, in the form of a bonus on shares. These Deferred shares were originally allotted as fully paid up to the vendor.

The advance in Mexican Bonds and railway securities has not appreciably influenced Mexican mining shares, although even these show some improvement. The upward movement among the latter should, however, become more pronounced, for the new government has clearly intimated its intention to foster the mining industry. A presidential decree issued this week, states that mining companies owing taxes for periods prior to January 1, last, may have them cancelled if they pay taxes levied upon them for 1920 prior to November 1. It also states that taxes for 1920 may be paid in three instalments, one immediately. Many companies long since closed down owing to unfavourable conditions will, it is believed, benefit by this action. Another decree is promulgated extending the time for filing claims for damages on account of revolutionary activities until March 6, 1921.

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